

The Commercial

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Harrisonburg, Va. The business of the late firm will be received at the attention of the surviving partner.

WM. B. COMPTON,
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G. W. BELLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Harrisonburg, Va., will practice in the Courts of Rockingham and adjoining counties; also, in the United States Courts at Harrisonburg, Va. Office East-Market Street, over J. O. Patten's, late Judge of Rock Co. Court.

J. SAM'L HARNESBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Harrisonburg, Va., will practice in all the Courts of Rockingham county, the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, and the District and Circuit Courts of the United States holden at Harrisonburg.

JOHN E. & O. B. ROLLER,
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COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Harrisonburg, Va.—Will give special attention to the taking of depositions and acknowledgments; also, to all matters connected with the probate of wills, and the settlement of estates. Will also prepare deeds, articles of agreement and other contracts on very moderate terms.

O'NEILL & PATTERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Harrisonburg, Va., practice in the Courts of Rockingham and adjoining counties; also, in the United States Courts at Harrisonburg, Va. Office East-Market Street, over J. O. Patten's, late Judge of Rock Co. Court.

DR. W. O. HILL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, and Residence immediately south of Bevers House.

DR. RIVES TATUM,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Harrisonburg, Va., has removed his office to his residence, corner of West-Market and German streets.

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DR. FRANK L. HARRIS,
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Eight pages, forty-eight columns.—Only six dollars a year, and the most liberal terms to club agents.

KELPIE.

She stood in the stormy twilight, the swollen waters running swiftly beneath her bare feet; her dusky eyes fixed intently on some object lower down the stream; a little stray lamb closely clasped in her arms.

They called her Kelpie; nothing else, for the elin, like the limbed, lustrous-eyed maiden had no claim to any other name.

One mid-winter night, when the snow lay white and heavy on the surrounding hills and a bitter blast whistled through the valley in which Mapletop nestled, the widow Buckstone, sitting comfortably in her chimney corner, was startled by a sharp rap at the door.

"Why, who can it be on such a night?" cried the widow, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "Run to the door, Tom!"

Tom obeyed.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

Only the hoarse roar of the wintry blast answered him.

"There's some one lurking about," said Tom. "I'll see what they're after."

But he stumbled over something at his feet. A basket, covered with a colored blanket.

"What's this?" he cried.

The colored blanket was removed, and underneath, all folded in fannels, they found a little white baby.

"The mother held up two deprecating hands.

"It's a shame," she cried, "and I a lone widow. I won't keep it; I won't; it shall go to the poor-house in the morning; now there."

Tom was silent.

But when the morning came, and the news got abroad, and all Mapletop came flocking in to have a look at the little foundling, Tom got behind his mother's chair, and clung to her, as if he were a coward.

"Mother," he whispered, "when she turned round, 'don't send the midget away; I shall be a big fellow soon, and I'll work for you both.'"

His mother nodded and smiled, but tears rose in her eyes. And when Mr. Thorn-dyke, the minister, came with the rest, and offered to make some provision for the child, she answered, with curt decision:

"I intend to keep it myself."

So the little wretch remained at the small cottage in the sunny pine woods beyond the village of Mapletop; and when spring came on in beauty, Mrs. Buckstone carried her little charge to the village church and the baby was christened, the minister's wife standing godmother. Only Rose!

For the sweetest name suited her well; for the bloom on her dusky cheeks, and the dewy carnation of her young lips, were as bright as the heart of that queenly flower.

Rose was her name, but as she grew into a slim slip of a girl, everybody called her Kelpie. Because she was such a wild, bright, defiant thing, perhaps, and had such a fondness for the water.

While other girls of her age were playing at baby-house Rose might be found on the shore of Cedar creek, launching her miniature boats amid the shallows wading in the cool water with bare, brown feet as exquisite in form as a sculptor's model, or swinging in the fork of an overhanging willow, watching the wild ducks as they sailed down stream.

"She's an out-an'-out Kelpie," said old Hawke, the Mapletop fisher, and from that hour the name clung to her.

Tom made good his promise, and worked hard and willingly for his mother and her adopted child; but there came a time when the little slumbering town was too small for Tom. His growing capacities called for some other field of action. Where there is a will a way generally opened.

A fine opportunity came up, and Tom availed himself of it at once. But it required a severe wrench to tear himself from Mapletop and the little cottage under the shelter of the pine woods.

"Kelpie, I'm going," he said, when he had parted with his mother.

The girl was driving her lamb into their fold, but she turned round and faced him.

"I'm going," repeated Tom, standing up straight and handsome, a wistful expression in his resolute gray eyes; "but I shall come back, Kelpie."

Kelpie stood like a statue.

"Shall I find you here at the old cottage?" he went on. "Will you wait, Kelpie, and have a welcome for me?"

But Kelpie never stirred her red lips, but she looked at him with shy, almost defiant eyes.

"I cannot promise," was all she said.

A shadow of pain crossed the young man's eager face. He made a step forward and caught her two hands.

"You are cruel," he cried. "You know how I love you—"

"Stop," she commanded, freeing herself of his grasp; "I will not hear another word of this kind. I am not ungrateful; let that suffice. Go your way, and leave me to mine."

Tom drew a deep breath, and his eyes flashed.

"You prefer some one else," he said bitterly. "If it were young Doctor Talcott asking you for your promise, you would answer him quite differently, I'll warrant."

"If you think so, well and good," she made answer, and turning from him, followed her lambs to pasture.

Years came and went. Kelpie grew up to womanhood, straight as a dart, and graceful as a young willow.

There was not a man in Mapletop who would not have risked life and limb for a smile from her shy, red lips, or a glance of favor from her luminous dark eyes. But she kept them all at a distance, even young Talcott.

There came, as time sped on, a spring afternoon, wild with storm and rain. The valley was deluged, and the mad winds tossed and bent the pines, and tore off the branches of the maples.

"I must see that the lambs are folded," said Kelpie, as the twilight drew near.

"You'd better stay indoors and let the creatures shift for themselves," said the widow from the chimney corner.

"Kelpie had a will of her own, and went out into the storm. A little later she looked in.

"Nay, nay," cried the widow, "you must not think of it. Ten to one it has strayed beyond the creek. Let it alone."

"The water is rising rapidly and it may perish. It is a poor little stray lamb, too," said the girl, her bright eyes softening. "I raised it myself; I cannot leave it to die."

Mapletop was fast closed against the storm, not a creature to be seen in the streets. Beyond, in the ravine, through which the creek ran, the gale had been fearful. Trees were uprooted and broken boughs tossed about, and the swollen stream dashed over the rocks at a mad rate.

Kelpie went resolutely on, calling her

lost lamb in a clear, high voice, that rang even above the clatter of the storm. And at last, away up amid the laurel cliff, a plaintive cry answered her; and at the foot of an old pine she found her lamb.

She caught it up with a hushed cry of delight, and turned her face homeward. Twilight was falling, and the rising waters were all about her feet. She went on carefully picking her way, leaping lightly from rock to rock; the wind tossing her unbound hair.

A sound of tramping hoofs and directly a man's voice in imperative command reached her from below. Standing on the slippery rocks, the swift flowing waters beneath her, one hand resting upon the rough boulders, the other grasping her lamb, she peered down the surging stream.

There was a horseman at the lower ford making vain efforts to cross.

The horse reared and backed, evidently frightened at the swollen stream. But his rider urged him on with whip and spur, and at last he went in with a wild leap. Plunging furiously, he gained the opposite shore, but with such a frantic bound that the rider was thrown from the saddle. The horse galloped off in the direction of Mapletop, but his master lay motionless.

Kelpie looked on breathlessly, uttering a low cry, and still clasping her lamb, started over the rocks and down the shore of the creek. Before she reached him, or looked into his deathlike face, some aboriginal voice within told her it was Tom.

There he lay, his right arm doubled under him, the sharp edge of a rock piercing his temple.

Kelpie raised his head to her bosom, and held it there for an instant, as a fond mother might hold her babe, then with an unspoken prayer on her athen lips, she caught up her lamb and darted off through the falling darkness with the speed of a swallow.

Help came in a very short time, and the injured man was placed on a litter and borne across the valley to his mother's cottage.

"He is not dead!" said Kelpie, confronting Dr. Talcott, when the brief examination was over.

The young man looked at the lovely duck face, pallid with suspense and agony, and in that minute he understood why it was that Kelpie had turned a deaf ear to all his bland wooing.

"No, he is not dead," he answered, his eyes softening with pity. "I will save his life for your sake."

It was after midnight when Tom recovered consciousness.

"Where is Kelpie?" were his first words.

But she silenced her with a gesture.

"Call Kelpie."

And the girl came. He took her hands in his left one; his right lay bandaged and disabled by his side.

"I was coming to bring you good news," he said, a slight quiver stirring his firm lips; "that's what brought me. I have found your friends. You are no longer a wail. The man who put you at my mother's door is dead. I saw him die, and heard his confession. You stood between him and a great wrong, and he wanted you out of the way. He is dead, and the fortune is yours, and your mother will be in Mapletop to-morrow and claim you."

The dark southern face grew fairly dazzling in its exceeding joy.

"Oh! thank God! thank God!" she said.

A shadow of intense pain filled Tom's eyes.

"How glad you are," he said.

"Yes, I am glad, very glad, Tom."

"Then I'll try to be glad for your sake," he answered hoarsely, and turned his face away.

Silence fell. The clock ticked on the mantle, and the cat purred before the hearth. Kelpie stood irresolute, great eyes staring in her eyes. At last she started up, and she went to her mother's hand, which had never touched Tom's only with the shy coy touch of a bird, fold softly upon his bandaged head.

He opened his eyes with a great start.

"Kelpie?"

"Yes, Tom."

Again there was a silence.

"Tom," the girl began at last, her stony eyes downcast, her red lips quivering. "Tom, you remember that morning we parted, out yonder in the sheep fold?"

"Yes, I remember it for a promise then."

"And you refused it, wisely enough."

"Tom," and the soft, fluttering hand touched his forehead again, "if you have not changed your mind, ask me again, ask me now."

All hushed and bandaged as he was, the young fellow struggled up.

"Why, Kelpie, you don't mean—"

"Ask me and you shall see, Tom."

Something in her downcast face gave him courage. He caught the fluttering hand and held it fast, and she looked at him, and had not been touched by his shy coy touch of a bird, fold softly upon his bandaged head.

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INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

It is estimated that there are 80,000 square miles of heavy pine forest in Florida, which, in view of the prospective timber famine, will annually increase in value.

The American Manufacturer says: "The South is passing through an industrial revolution from which she will emerge crowned with the diadem of wealth, power and prosperity."

Major Blackwell, superintendent of operations in Virginia for the Pennsylvania Steel Company, commenced mining on the Hale property, at Rocky Mount, last week. Capt. John C. Condon in charge, is associated with Captain Watts.

The Lynchburg Advance notices as one of the good signs of the times that most of the cotton goods and broadcloths of woolen kept in stock by the first-class Lynchburg dry goods dealers are manufactured in the South. The canned goods also show Virginia names. This shows a rapid improvement in the right direction.

Before the civil war the exports of pecan nuts from Indiana, Texas, were reported at \$100,000; now it is estimated that the amount annually gathered exceeds \$3,000,000 in value. But little care, however, has been taken of the trees: in fact, in many localities, trees fifty to one hundred years old have been cut down to secure the nuts. With the care of the trees and systematic gathering of the crop, it is believed that \$10,000,000 could be annually realized.

In mica and corundum, Western North Carolina now forms the store-house of the world. Graphite is also widely distributed throughout the State, and specimens have been found in Burke, Yancey, Catawba, Person, Cleveland, Gaston and Lincoln counties. There is a most extensive bed in Wake county which runs in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction; it is from sixteen to eighteen miles in length, and from four to six miles in width.

It has been partially developed, and is of good quality. All the minerals used in manufacturing arts are found in North Carolina in immense quantities.

The Chattanooga Trademark announces that the Woodstock Iron Company, of Alabama, has bought the furnace, real estate and works of the Alabama Iron Company, located ten miles south of Anniston. Since its inception this furnace has been making a high grade of cold-chamber coal iron. A cash payment of \$100,000 has been made. This trade gives the Woodstock Iron Company a large business, all making car wheel iron, and an estate of 40,000 acres of wood and mineral lands, with control of the finest deposits of brown iron ores in the south, and removes the only obstacles of the most perfect and successful enterprise in the southern States.

Wisdom.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise: To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.—Congreve.

A favor well bestowed is almost as great an honor to him who confers it as to him who receives it.

Thou wilt be great only in proportion as thou art gentle and courageous to subdue thy passions.—Fenelon.

We can not help thinking that when a head is so full of ideas, some of them will involuntarily ooze out.—Bliss Leslie.

There is much complaining now at the high price of wheat, potatoes, etc., but nothing is said about the high price of beer, whiskey, and potatoes.

A skeptical hearer once said to a Baptist minister: "How do you reconcile the teachings of the Bible with the latest conclusions of science?"

"I was coming to bring you good news," he said, a slight quiver stirring his firm lips; "that's what brought me. I have found your friends. You are no longer a wail. The man who put you at my mother's door is dead. I saw him die, and heard his confession. You stood between him and a great wrong, and he wanted you out of the way. He is dead, and the fortune is yours, and your mother will be in Mapletop to-morrow and claim you."

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OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If you sit down at set of sun And count the notes that you have done, And find that you are not a word, That's the best of all the words heard; One glance most kind, Then you may count that day well spent.

But, if through all the living day You've cheered no heart by yes or nay; If, through it all, You've nothing done, that you can trace, That brought the sunshine to some face; No most small, Then count that day as worse than lost!

The Very Sad Tale of a New-Year's Day Young Man.

Cmyth Van Dyke stood before his mirror yesterday morning adjusting his breast-protecting scarf. He had just inserted the price tag on his diamond pin, and was viewing the reflection with evident pride. He had on his extra-tight-fitting, double-seamed trousers; while his too shortly cut waistcoat lay over the foot-board of his bed waiting to be moulded on his manly form. Altogether, he was a budding, happy-go-lucky young man. He turned with a sigh from the glass, and with difficulty arrayed his body in the aforesaid utterly out coat. Taking up an envelope, he drew out a pair of orange kid gloves, double-stitched and embroidered backed. He was about to don his broad-brim brown Derby—the latest—when there was a rap at the door.

"Cmyth, dear."

"Yes, ma."

"I have a \$100 bill I wish you would change for me."

Cmyth fell in every pocket, and at last exclaimed, "Really, ma, I haven't got the exact change."

Mrs. Van Dyke then, in persuasive tones, informed her eldest born and hope that she was greatly in need of the change, and that she would have to trouble him to run around the corner to the grocery and get the bill changed. Cmyth was somewhat crestfallen as he left the house by the back door, but he was much richer in pocket. It was just after 12 o'clock, and the corner grocery man had decided to give him a holiday, and had closed.

So Cmyth walked on a block or two, looking for a shop of any proportion that would warrant his entering and asking the owner to change a \$100 bill. At last he saw a saloon-keeper, and he entered. "Saloon," Cmyth had always heard that saloon-keepers were rich, and on a holiday he thought he might be able to get the bill changed, so he entered. "Ma won't mind my spending fifteen cents to get it changed," he mused as he watched the bar-tender ladle out several glasses of egg-nog. When he had finished, he turned to Van Dyke and smiled a happy New-Year smile, and rubbed his hands. Cmyth meekly asked for a glass of "the same," and gulped it down in a hurry, and handed out the \$100 bill. The bar-keeper looked at it. Pulled out his cash-drawer, ran his hands through the silver, and looked up. "Got anything smaller?"

"Not a cent," was Cmyth's reply. "Really, I'm sorry, but I can't change that. When you are passing some time drop in and pay me;" and he turned to his next customer.

Cmyth left and walked another block. It was getting late, and his mother was waiting for the change. He saw another saloon-keeper and entered. The man behind the counter was as smiling as ever, and he dipped out the egg-nog with the same grace as the others, and Van Dyke drank it with the same celerity and produced the \$100 bill. The man picked it up, turned it over, found it was good, and mildly remarked, "Got anything smaller?"

Cmyth made his answer, and the saloon-keeper, with a shrug, said, "Sorry can't change; call in again and pay me."

Van Dyke left in disgust. He next tackled a cigar store, bought a 25-cent cigar, lighted it, and produced the \$100. The tobacco-stick was knocked out. "You'll be back here later; just drop in and pay me then. I'll be all the same."

Van Dyke inwardly "cursed" the \$100 bill. Seductive signs began to come in very close proximity. Every one of the bar-tenders had the same beautiful New-Year smile, and seemed happy to do it. The \$100 bill was produced. It cost gloom over everything

